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Revival Meeting

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Becky Gross

Ohio Fall

Hills grazing—pregnant of
bones, fall leaves, and
Katherine Anne's chunk of
dead rock leaning against
that tree. I

sit beside her soaking in
the sunlight while
nearby someone else is
drowning even deeper
beneath the surface. The

sinker asks me to
introduce Katherine, but
I'm not the one who
knows her: maybe the nearby
little lamb guarding

atop a stone the
name fading in lichen. I
walk through the beautiful
debris death has left me.
No, not "me."

Revival Meeting

Ancient cords snapped during
"O For a Thousand Tongues,"

animating the strays into
various snickers and glances.

They had completely faded from
inhaling the pastel shirts plastered
"Naughty:"

Organs tumbled from the platform
but an infant recovering the
stage sported
"God can rock your world."

Applause buried the pipes
beneath hymnals.